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THE MIXTURE AS BEFORE

Today begins my fourth year of writing this column and, as before, I will continue to explore the issues that grip the keen young mind of campus America—burning questions like "Should housemothers be forced to retire at 28?" and "Should pajamas and robes be allowed at first-hour classes?" and "Should proctors be armed?" and "Should picnicking be permitted in the stacks?" and "Should teachers above the rank of associate professor be empowered to perform marriages?" and "Should capital punishment for pledges be abolished?"

Should capital punishment for pledges be abolished?

Philip Morris Incorporated sponsors this column. Philip Morris Incorporated makes Philip Morris cigarettes. They also make Marlboro cigarettes. Marlboros is what I am going to talk to you about this year.

Before beginning the current series of columns, I made an exhaustive study of Marlboro advertising. This took almost four minutes. The Marlboro people don't waste words. They give it to you fast: "You get a lot to like in a Marlboro . . . Filter . . . Flavor . . . Flip-top Box."

Well, sir, at first this approach seemed to me a little terse, a bit naked. Perhaps, thought I, I should drape it with a veil of violet prose, adorn it with a mantle of fluffy adjectives, dangle some participles from the ears . . . But then I thought, what for? Doesn't that tell the whole Marlboro story? . . . Filter . . . Flavor . . . Flip-top Box.

Marlboro tastes great. The filter works. So does the box. What else do you need to know?

So, with the Marlboro story quickly told, let us turn immediately to the chief problem of undergraduate life—the money problem. This has always been a vexing dilemma, even in my own college days. I recall, for example, a classmate named Oliver Hazard Sigafoos, a great strapping fellow standing 14 hands high, who fell in love with a beautiful Theta named Nikki Spillane, with hair like beaten gold and eyeballs like two tablespoons of forgetfulness.

Every night Oliver Hazard would take Nikki out to dine and dance, and then to dine again, for dancing made Nikki ravenous. Then they would go riding in the swan boats, and then Nikki, her appetite sharpened by the sea air, would have 8 or 10 cutlets, and then Oliver Hazard would take her home, stopping on the way to buy her a pail of oysters or two.

To raise money for these enchanted evenings, Oliver Hazard took on a number of part-time jobs. Between classes he cut hair. After school he gutted perches. From dusk to midnight he vulcanized medicine balls. From midnight to dawn he trapped night crawlers.

This crowded schedule took, alas, a heavy toll from Oliver Hazard. In the space of a month he dwindled from 200 to 104 pounds—but that, curiously enough, proved his salvation.

Today Oliver Hazard is a jockey, earning a handsome living which, combined with what he makes as a lymph donor after hours, is quite sufficient to curb Nikki's girlish appetite. Today they are married and live in Upper Marlboro, Maryland, with their two daughters, Filter and Flavor, and their son, Flip-top Box.

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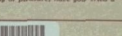
The makers of Marlboro take pleasure in bringing you this free-wheeling, uncensored column every week during the school year . . . And speaking of pleasure, have you tried a Marlboro?



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